



Beauty And The Sword



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Chapter 1 by Kawaii_Potato

Sure it was inappropriate for a princess to participate in sword matches, but Eden didn't care

Chapter 2 by R



She stepped out in to the arena to the cheer of the crowds. "EDEN OF THE WEST HILLS VS CAYNE OF THE SHARDENAS MOUNTAINS!" Called the announcer as she faced my opponent, a much larger looking man. The crowds were deafening, and Eden was grateful for the wads of cotton in her ears.

Oh, right. Sword matches. It had started off innocently enough, but now, well, the crowds wouldn't gather in so large numbers for a simple match.

This was a tournament.

Eden stood, waving to the crowd, looking at her opponent. He was large, yes, but it seemed brute strength was his thing. Most of the fighters who utilized brute strength were pretty much using that alone. It was good, sure. A difficult fight.

Her style was speed and wit. Her style was sharp moves and complex thought. Her style was graceful.

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Eden grinned as she held her sword. She was a princess, but she was also a warrior. She was rebellious, to be rude to her parents and make claims about how she was more than what they thought.

No, she was also here to win.

Chapter 3 by Fangirl.always123



The man came at her with an evil smirk. She dodged quickly and tripped him. Eden saw the anger bubble up into his face. She laughed proudly and went straight at him.

The thoughts of victory raced through her mind. She would get money, fame, and friends!

Her mind popped back to reality and she saw him coming straight at her. she dodge and scratched her cheek with the blade of his sword. Blood dripped from her cheek but she didn't care. She screamed like a warrior on a battlefield and went for him. He fell flat on his rear and she put the sword to his neck. She smirked victoriously. 'that shows him...' She thought.

But as soon as a flash he got up and pined her to the ground. His sword right next to her eye. Her vision flashed to his weak legs and moved her leg under his and tripped him again. He dropped his sword and she grabbed her sword and caught his. "Damn fool, you can't beat me." She hissed at him. The man laughed. "Alrighty don't get defensive, sweetheart." Her nerves snapped and she put her sword to his throat. "Don't you ever call me sweetheart.." She growled at him.

Chapter 4 by silverscreen



For a moment, fear shone in the man's eyes, then it was replaced with begging. Inwardly she sighed. She never killed people. She thought it was a sign of honor. She just scared them. So she just left her sword at the mans throat as he cried "Mercy, Mercy!" Her expression softened and she withdrew her sword. The man breathed a sigh of relief, then head hung, walked off of the arena. Someone marked a victory mark next to her name. Another victory for me she thought cockily. She would advance to the next level in this tournament.

And she was determined not to lose, ever.

She sipped her water, wiping her brow as she surveyed the ones who had made it to the next

level. There were about 2 men. Most were muscular and would mostly use brute force, they would be easily beaten. But there was one who looked quick. He would be a challenge.

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But she paid no mind. She was sure she would win this tournament.

No matter the cost.

The names were called out. "EDEN OF WEST HILLS VS BAYERN OF SARIEL!" She advanced toward the arena, toward her opponent. A muscular man with a 4 foot long sword.

And with that thought, the first sword strikes began.

Chapter 5 by The-Night-Writer



The two moved together in what looked like a strange dance. Jab, then block. Step left, dance right, slipping just out of reach. Eden blew her hair out of her eyes and charged. She was determined to win. Too much was riding on this. Bayern anticipated her move and turned, bringing his sword around with alarming speed towards her neck. Eden used her forward momentum to duck and roll into his legs. Bayern landed on top of her with a crash, the sword falling harmlessly out of reach. Her head felt heavy as she stood up and placed her sword at the fallen Bayern's neck.

"I win," she spat. Instead of cowering in fear like she expected, Bayern grinned. He swept his legs towards her feet, knocking her back down. Standing, he retrieved his sword.

"No, I win," he responded with a smug grin. With a howl of rage, Eden grabbed her sword and pushed off the ground. Putting her head down, she charged.

Chapter 6 by Florenceia



"I WILL NOT LOOSE!" she yelled through clenched teeth. Bayern side stepped, dodging her attack, but she anticipated this. She stuck her sword in the ground and using it as a stand she flipped up on it, kicking him in the face with all the power she could muster and more. With force of the blow he flew backwards, his sword knocked out of his unprepared hands. She wrenched her silver long sword from the ground. She kicked his sword far from his reach and held her sword to his neck. "I win."

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HIS FATE!" she screamed to the crowd, her hair slightly covering her face. The crowd murmured to each other.

Chapter 8 by Raging Wolf



There was an awkward silence for a moment or two. But then as if all minds were one... "SPARE HIM" they roared. "LET HIM LIVE!" Amidst the animosity of a fight to the death, there was still humanity. There was still hope, the anticlimax of such an event.

Eden shrugged. "So the crowd has decided." She withdrew her sword, walking away with a haughty stride. Bayern knew Eden didn't back down from a fight. But she did keep her word. She walked away, Bayern lying in the dust still taking in the moment, recovering from the adrenaline dump caused by the fight.

"She's a beauty" he muttered to himself. "Fierce and confident. And honest- she DID let me live after the crowd said so..."

And so the day came to a close much quicker than was anticipated, and with a far different result than tradition held. But the tournament was not yet over.

the end

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